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SENSIBLE ROOSEVELT.

A WHIPPING-POST FOR WIFE-BEATERS.

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The Whipping-Post.

ASSEMBLYMAN THEODORE ROOSEVELT, one of the brightest and youngest members of the delegation from this city, has introduced a bill in the Assembly, calling for the erection of whipping-posts in this State, and THE JUDGE hopes that the bill will be adopted by both branches of the Legislature, and be signed by the Governor. We advocate the establishment of the whipping-post for wife-beaters, because we have seen the good effects of such punishment in the small but mighty State of Delaware. We have seen men stripped to the waist, manacled to a post, and whipped on the bare back with a lash, applied by a stalwart, strong-armed sheriff in the prison-yard at Newcastle, in that State. We have watched the gathering of young and old, welcomed under the laws to witness such scenes, and were satisfied that the whipping-post is a good thing. Officers of the government in Delaware had the opportunity of knowing that it is a good thing. They knew that law-breakers felt more keenly the disgrace of being publicly whipped than they did of being imprisoned for a period of months. Men about to be whipped begged that they might be spared the indignity, and when their terms of imprisonment had elapsed, they made rapid strides for the boundary lines of Delaware, so that they might no longer breathe the atmosphere of a State where the whipping-post is an admonition that men must not beat their wives. By all means let us have whipping-posts in this State, and let these structures be erected in public, so that when Mr. John Smith beats his wife his friends may see him lashed to the post and vigorously lashed on the back.

Mr. Bennett Makes a Move.

MR. JAMES GORDON BENNETT, the Editor of the New York *Herald*, has performed a noble and characteristic act in promptly making a substantial contribution for the benefit of the sufferers by the floods in the Ohio Valley. Mr. Bennett loses no opportunity of stepping to the front at the right moment in the cause of charity. His gift of $100,000 to the impoverished people of Ireland should make his name known and honored where. ever an Irishman may be found. Time and again he has done deeds of kindness which no pen has yet described. Did Vanderbilt, Sage, Gould, and others of that ilk have one-tenth of the regard for common humanity which Mr. Bennett exhibits they would not to-day find themselves objects of aversion to the poorer classes.

Comfort Here and There.

THE Northern gentleman now basking in the sun of Florida is more than likely in a happier mood than the Northern gentleman who is wading through the slush in the streets of New York. Much has been said about cleaning the streets of this city. Various systems have been devised by the illustrious gentlemen who are from time to time permitted to govern us, but all of these systems have been lacking in something. The fact that the streets are not clean is at all times apparent, and we must, we suppose, continue to groan. We may be permitted, however, to suggest to Commissioner Coleman, of the Street Cleaning Department, and to the contractors under his direction, that if they should employ more men and purchase more brooms, spades, and carts that the system now in vogue would be improved upon. All of us cannot bask in the sun of Florida at this season of the year.

Mr. Salmi Morse.

A VERY estimable gentleman, who rejoices in the name of Salmi Morse, is desirous of producing in his own theater in this city a play known as "The Passion." Many eminent and learned gentlemen have witnessed the performance of this play in Europe, and have testified orally and in their writings that, in its simplicity, it was most impressive. It treats of times made sacred in Biblical literature. The reading public throughout the world has been made acquainted, in publications of the highest order, with the details of the play, and until Salmi Morse proposed to give New York audiences opportunities of beholding it, no expressions of alarm concerning its presentation in Europe were heard on this side of the Atlantic.

Salmi Morse, at his own expense, rented a building in Twenty-third street, and began the work of transforming it into a public house wherein "The Passion" might be produced. He asked, as a theatrical manager, a license for this place, and two Mayors of New York refused to grant such a license, inferring that he demanded a license for the special purpose of placing "The Passion" upon his stage. He appealed to the courts, and a distinguished jurist has decided against him. It must be manifest to all fair-minded persons that Mr. Morse is chiefly opposed by that class of religious hypocrites who endeavor on Sundays to appear as honest, virtuous men and women. The plain, common-sense view of Salmi Morse's proposition to produce "The Passion" is simply this: He is the proprietor of a public hall or theater, and no one is compelled to attend performances therein. So long as he does not pander to the lovers of obscene plays, he should not be interfered with by the police. Let Mr. Morse produce "The Passion," and they who do not desire to see it may have the privilege of remaining away from his theater.

LEGAL MEMORANDA.

By an Eminent Jurist Deeply Learned in the Law.

SIGHT BILLS—PAYMENT OF.

IT is doubtful whether a blind man could be made liable for the payment of his bill at sight. [*Vide Æd on Evidence.*]

RENT—COLLECTION OF.

RENT may be recovered so long as the tenancy is current, unless the tenant is also current; for although the tenancy may run on, the tenant may run off, thereby defeating the landlord's claim. [*Vide Flybynight on Contracts.*]

DONKEY LARCENY—ACT PROVIDED FOR.

IF the rapacious despoiler invade the sancity of a man's castle and feloniously entice therefrom the donkey (man or beast) belonging thereto, the remedy of the sufferer aforesaid lies in an action for *ass-sumpsit*. [*Vide Ward (Zebulon) on Criminal Practice.*]

INCITING TO RIOT—PUNISHMENT FOR.

IF a flea bites a dog and the dog bites a man, both may be pursued,—the flea as an original instigator of riot, and the dog as *particeps criminis*. [*Vide Penal Code per D. D. Field.*]

MALICIOUS MISCHIEF—RESPONSIBILITY FOR.

IF a goat trespass upon the domains of the bill-sticker and be caught in the act (*rem in re*) of mutilating and devouring the bill-sticker's merchandise, he may be prosecuted, if twenty-one years of age, for malicious mischief or criminal conversion (of paper to pabulum), or both. If a minor, the owner of the goat becomes responsible for the same. [*Vide Billboard on Offenses.*]

BOXING—PREVENTION OF.

ALL persons are prohibited from boxing the compass within the jurisdiction of the State of New York, under penalty of having themselves boxed and forwarded with care—to the Island where the wicked cease from sparring and the knocked-out take a rest. [*Vide Bergh on Criminal Cruelty.*]

MOVEMENTS IN SOCIETY.

THE JUDGE knows no reason why the Castors, the Banderquilts, the Hyverstants, the Deshysters and the Vineganders should monopolize all the attention of the society journals, so called, to the utter exclusion of other distinguished personages, equally worthy of mention; and, animated by a spirit of fair play and no favor, cheerfully accords a place in these columns to the neglected of all classes, without regard to race, color or previous condition of turpitude.

THE engagement between Millie-Christine, the Double-Headed Girl, and a promising young gentleman of great good fortune, whose name, for certain reasons, is at present withheld from the public, is announced. The wedding-day will be fixed when the courts have decided whither Millie-Christine be really one or two persons. Should a decision be given in favor of plurality, the matrimonial trio will probably take a trip to Salt Lake City, and have the wedding ceremony performed by the apostolic successor of Brigham Young.

MISS LEO HERNANDEZ, the Bearded Woman, was recently married to Mr. Levi Moffitt, the Tattooed Man. The ceremony was picturesque and hirsute in the highest degree. Among the wedding presents was a beautiful razor—one of Dogers' best—with the name of the bride inscribed upon the handle, and a new design by a well-known artist, to be reproduced upon the unoccupied cuticle of the illustrated bridegroom. The nuptials recall the poet's line, "'Tis beauty leads us by a *single* hair," and excites a philosophic curiosity as to the capillary attraction of an entire beard. No cards.

AND still they come—or go, rather. Mr. Osmund, the Hairy Man, has just married the Three-Handed Woman, whose maiden name, for the moment, escapes our memory. Happy event!—remarkable freak of nature! Mr. and Mrs. Osmund can now play a quartet game of eucher all alone by themselves. May the best player win—which is likely to be the holder of three hands.

THE denizens of the deep will sing a lively chorus when they come to hear of the stroke of good fortune that has been vouchsafed Lurline, the Water Queen, namely, her marriage to an English lord. Not being provided with the "Book of Peerage," we are unable to trace the bridegroom's lineage with any great degree of accuracy; but that he is a lord, and a very noble lord, cannot for a moment be doubted. THE JUDGE would throw an old shoe after the newly wedded couple, if he had one to spare. Lurline's maiden name, by the way, was Miss Sarah Jane Swift, which, in this happy instance, goes to prove to whom the race really does belong.

MR. P. T. BARNUM'S India-Rubber Man will *not* marry at present, because he has a wife and eight children in Germany—good and sufficient reason, which, in the interest of morality, as we are pleased to note, has in one case at least been recognized. Still, considering the fact that great public celebrities are much given to matrimony, the report may turn out only an elastic invention of the enemy—a mere stretch of the imagination, as it were—and we may yet have an opportunity of welcoming this pliable gentleman to the altar of Hymen. There are wooden weddings, tin weddings, and silver and golden weddings: why shouldn't there be an India-rubber wedding also?

FUR-TRIMMED ULSTERS.

MR. GALWAY: *"I fancy my best friends will not know me."*

A Disturbance in the Menagerie.

THE Flip-Flap one morning awoke in a fright,
For the Hoo-Doo had stolen away in the night,
With his Pippo-ga-nathus to make her his bride,
And the Flip-Flap now sadly designed suicide.

Now the Kunikosaurus got up on his ear,
And with Bangdoodle's backing did now interfere;
He swore that no "Hoo-Doo, however immense,
Could rob his dear Flip-Flap with such impu-dence."

This riled the Skonserian, who spit on his hands,
And challenged "his nibs" to fight on the sands:
"My friend Pachybolus will attend me," he said,
"And act as my second while I punch your old head."

The Australian Bungalow hung by his tail,
And winked at the Mascotte, who turned awful pale
When the Piebald Hornswoggle arose in his might,
And chawed off the nose of the Big Blatherskite.

The Nincompoop growled and shook out his mane,
And pounced on the Geehaw again and again;
While the mild Terra-Cotta slunk home to her lair—
To find the Muldoonis had hid away there.

The anthropological wild Mackinack
Unconsciously now sat down on a tack,
Then sprung like a rocket to top of the cage
And knocked out of time the Bald Weathergauge.

Now the Dujab remarked to the Black Caviars:
"There's blood on the moon, there's death in the air,
Just watch me connect with my manner alert—
And gouge out an eye of the Long-Feathered Squirt."

'Twas the wise Bullvidere who his head now did scratch
And suggested: "We'll settle this row by a match
'Tween the Non Compos Mentis and Bold Maccarone—
To fight in the P. R. until one is o'erthrown."

If the Maccarone won by a Sullivan crack,
The Pippo-ga-nathus, Hoo-Doo should bring back;
If the Non Compos Mentis the victor should be,
Then Flip-Flap his darling no more would he see.

So with Pock Marked Cadaver their judge to decide—
With the High Cockalorum as surgeon so snide,
Now the Maccarone fought the Non Compos Ment.,
And through the big bully he in short order went.

Now the Red Tufted Dabster sought out the Hoo-Doo,
And the Pippo-ga-nathus soon brought into view;
Then the sad-hearted Flip-Flap did brighten a bit
And embraced in his gladness the Bounding Tom Tit.

So with troubles all ended, the Golden Hued Gump
(Assisted by Rhino, the Norwegian Chump,)
Married Pippo-ga-nathus unto her Flip-Flap,
While they hanged that Lothario—the bold Hoo-Doo chap.

Then the Gyastacutus and Flying Jibboom,
Now gave a reception to the bride and her groom;
There the animals gathered and quarrels made up,
And agreed to be friends o'er the oft-flowing cup.

—JEF. JOSLYN.

CURIOUS fact in the grammar of politics: When statesmen get into place they often become oblivious of their antecedents, though they are seldom forgetful of their relatives.

How to "raise cane" most effectually: Go South and run a plantation.

DO YOU THINK THEY WOULD?

The Squire's Boy.

THE village was moved to its very center.

The "Senate and Representatives" assembled and discussed but one topic.

Squire Tomkins' boy Josh was going to "York" to become a banker.

It was a proud day for Strawville, and the inhabitants felt their importance.

At the last session, the squire had poured forth his accustomed eloquence, and he felt that his son should now be able to enter that great city, which he himself had beheld only by mental vision, fully prepared to encounter and overcome each and every temptation, and to avoid being "roped in" by the wicked denizens of that most wicked "Gotham."

Josh had read the papers about once a month, and had listened with open mouth to many a tale of fraud and deception, which bold, bad men had perpetrated upon unsuspecting millionaires and bankers' clerks, etc., and "it must be a smart villain, indeed," thought he, who could pull the pecuniary wool over his eyes.

The wished-for opportunity came at last. Josh was left in charge of an office in this city. As he pulled down his double-breasted, three-button vest, and ran his hand through his carroty hair, he longed for the entrance of the daring swindler.

Josh's first visitor was a small, timid sort of personage, with a bald head, gold eye-glasses, etc., who approached cautiously, and in a low voice requested to have a check cashed.

Josh "sized him up" in a moment.

"Here now! no, you don't; you can't play any games on me, young feller. Get out of here lively now, or I'll hand you over!"

The old gentleman paused, hesitated, and attempted to explain, but Josh was inexorable.

He relented so far, however, as to allow the gentleman to leave a note for the firm, and then leaned back and congratulated himself on his shrewdness.

The next visitor was a large, imposing personage, who, in a voice that rang through the office, demanded attendance.

"I came after that bundle of bank-notes; there it is just inside the safe there!"

"All right," said Josh, handing out the package; "just give me a receipt, will you?"

The visitor complied and took his departure.

The entrance of the senior partner put a stop to Josh's transactions, and with a proud step the latter approached the desk to make a report.

"Anybody been in?"

"Yes, sir; Mr. Skinner called for that bundle of bank-notes. Here is the receipt. An old fellow tried to get me to cash a check, but I was too smart for him: I knew he was no good. He said his name was Hatch, but I told him he couldn't Hatch anything out of me. Ha! ha! ha!"

Josh is now making change behind the counter of the squire's store, and as he examines the one-dollar bank-notes and rings the trade-dollars on the counter, the oldest inhabitant remarks with a sigh, "There ain't no use talking, a person does get brightened up wonderful in York.

—JAKEY WORTH.

THE SCHOOL OF THE FUTURE.
TEACHER SARAH: *"Look at de white trash's impudence!"*

THE LATEST CRAZE.

"WHERE have you been, my dressy maid?"
"I've been a-shopping, sir," she said.
"I've bought a five-cent bunch of braid,
And see the chromos with the trade."

"Like you such pictures, pretty maid?"
"No; I give them away," she said.
A dozen cards she here displayed,
In bulk ten times her bunch of braid.

"And so, my pretty, dressy maid,
Without so much as being paid,
You join in some wild shopping raid,
And scatter forth these bids for trade!"

She laughed, and this was what she said:
"I know the game is nicely played,
But every craze must be obeyed,
Even though for trade we are betrayed!"

—G. G. S.

Breakup's Experience with Cheese.

IF there was anything edible that Mrs. Breakup was fond of, it was cheese, and this came vividly to Mr. Breakup's mind last week, as he saw a sign, "Cheese of all kinds," in a store on the Bowery, on his way home. He entered and asked the rubicund-visaged German behind the counter, what kind of cheese he had on hand. "Skeeses," exclaimed the storekeeper, "so help me Moses, efery kind dot you don't dink of yet." So after a while Mr. Breakup purchased a small piece of Limburger. Not that he intended to make Mrs. Breakup think he was bringing home a bottle of Jockey Club, for he was not aware of the rich aroma of Limburger. He was attracted solely by the name. So after he had purchased the cheese, he placed it in his coat-tail pocket, and started for home. As he passed through the horse-car, in order to get a seat up front, he noticed a general uplifting of noses, but he thought nothing of it. By and by his olfactories were offended by a tremendous disagreeable odor, and he called to the conductor.

"Open the window," he said. The conductor looked sharply at Mr. Breakup, and muttered something to himself, at the same time giving his nose a vigorous blowing. Presently a countryman and his wife got into the vehicle, and sat opposite Mr. Breakup. They hadn't been in the car three minutes, before the old lady whispered, loud enough for all to hear:

"I say, Josh, there's rotten eggs in this 'ere kear." Then she looked at Mr. Breakup. So did all the other passengers, and Breakup began to feel uncomfortable.

"No, it 'tain't," responded Josh, confidentially, "it's a skunk. Have 'em in the city?" said he, winking knowingly at Breakup. "Last fall I kicked one, an' I had to bury my clothes. I'll tell you what'll take it away."

"Take what away?" inquired the amazed Breakup.

"Why, you know what I mean—skunk! Ha! ha! ha!"

"What do I know about skunks?" exclaimed the indignant Mr. Breakup.

"Oh, that 'ere's all right. You jist get some benzine——"

But Breakup didn't wait to hear. He began to surmise there was something wrong, and he quitted the car. He made diligent search, and finally struck the cheese in his pocket. He took it out. One good, square sniff was plenty—out in the street went his Limburger cheese. At the supper-table Mrs. Breakup suddenly began snuffing and sniffing.

"Ventilation must be bad," she said.

Breakup said nothing, but groaned inwardly when he thought that the perfume still lingered around his clothing. When he returned home next day he noticed a new folding-chair in the dining-room, and asked where it came from.

"Oh," said Mrs. Breakup, "I exchanged it for your coat. By the bye, Breakup, have you been in the country lately?"

"No," responded Breakup, snappishly. "Why?"

"Well, you must have been round where there was a skunk, for that coat—paugh!"

Mr. Breakup looked at the chair savagely. It was worth about $1; his coat cost $25, and he inwardly ca't anathemas against cheese of all kinds. He lets his wife buy cheese now.

W. F. G.

DEACON RICHARD SMITH, of the Cincinnati *Commercial-Gazette*, "will not be accused of unfriendliness towards silver." We don't know who accused the deacon of "unfriendliness towards silver," but whoever he may be, he is probably unaware of that truly good man's high appreciation of a ten-cent piece, and thorough knowledge of what it will buy.

WE think the suggestion to call the Brooklyn Bridge *Pons Assinorum*, a good and a proper one. Certainly, its uninterrupted connection between the respective City Halls of both municipalities would appear to warrant the title, if nothing else.

FRANCE, just now, appears to be enjoying a monopoly in Canne,s)d statesmen.

GOV. W. A. NEWELL, of Washington Territory, has abandoned his Indian and bear constituents for a time, and gone to Washington for the purpose of getting himself, his Indians, and his bears admitted as a State. As the Republicans stand very much in need of a few States just at this moment, it would not be at all surprising if an effort was made in the direction indicated. Should it prove successful, it will be necessary for the incoming State to have a name of course. There are many names to choose from, such, for instance, as: "State of Desperation," "State of Alarm," "State of Division," "State of Disagreement," "State of Chronic Hatred," "State of What Shall-We-Do-To-Be-Saved," or "Grand-Old-Party State." Such a designation as "State of Uncertainty" would never do. Meanwhile, the Indians and bears of Washington Territory go waltzing around as usual, just as though nothing had happened.

POPE speaks of a period when "time shall *rifle* every youthful grace." We note this observation just now for the special benefit of Mr. Freddie Gebhard, and trust a serious contemplation of the wisdom therein contained may serve to point a moral and adorn a tale of more than average longitude. It is said that Mr. (we beg pardon, Captain) Langtry is a warrior of renown, a man of honor, a dead-shot with the blunderbuss, and as brave as—well, as brave as Major Wellington de Boots. Now if all this be true, the usual consequences must needs follow in the course of human events. No Southern colonels, sure, these island mastiffs, when once the blood is up and honor calls them to the fray! The whole civilized world stands aghast at the terrible fate that is in store for Mr. Gebhard, and awaits with bated breath the verification of the rumor now current in England that the gallant captain has engaged two ships to bring him over.

IT is your man with the birth-marks that is utterly indifferent as to who shall "knock the spots" out of him.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

THIS is a question we have been vainly asking ourselves, *a propos* of the *Tin Cup Banner*—a newspaper emanating from the great, glorious and aboriginal West. Why *Tin Cup?*—and why *Banner?*—and why, especially, the copartnership in title? In welcoming this latest new-comer to the journalistic guild, shoud we say: "May your *Tin Cup* of prosperity run over;" or should we exclaim: "Long may your *Banner* wave?" Since the publication period of the New Jersey *Moonly Voice*, we do not remember anything in this line quite so perplexing. Will the Ganymedian standard-bearer, whose home is in the setting sun, give us at least a *timbale* full of information on this subject?

ACCOMMODATING TO A DEGREE.—Toothpick Vendor: 'Ere's your toothpicks, only five cents a package. Pick 'em and try 'em before you buy 'em.

THE prayer of Roscoe Conkling has at last been answered. Mr. James G. Blaine is writing a book.

ADVICE GRATIS.—We candidly advise the Salvation Army to quit New Jersey and take to the woods, if they can find no other or better place for evangelization. In the first place, New Jersey isn't worth saving, anyhow, and even if it was, the only combination equal to the task is a negro minstrel show. Salvation may be as free as the Salvationists assert, but it wont go down over there for a cent. The native Jerseyman had rather save his applejack than his soul any time; and perhaps of the two, the applejack is best worth saving.

TALMAGIAN.

"THEY tell us," shouted the Brooklyn oracle, tying his legs in a beautiful bow-knot, and throwing wide open his cavern of oratorical inspiration, "they tell us that the Bible isn't true, and ask us if we believe the Saviour turned water into wine? Yes, I believe it, for it's just as easy to turn water into wine as wine into water." The point is well taken. If you have your water in one glass and your wine in another, it doesn't make much difference which glass you "turn." The oracle speaks from experience, evidently.

"WE WUNT BE BEAT."

A Quartet—Arranged for and Sung by Messrs.

FOX, HILL, MACE, AND SLADE.

WE wunt be beat! we wunt be beat!
Don't talk to me—for we wunt see't!
We knows our biz, and goes it neat—
We wunt be beat! we wunt be beat!

R. K. FOX.

Oh! I'm a daisy!—don't forget!
Boss of the famed *Police Gazette!*
Hands off, you dog-gone pious set,—
I'll match 'em yet—I'll match 'em yet!
Chorus.—We wunt be beat, etc.

'ARRY 'ILL.

Wot's this h'ere foul folks calls a "Code?"
H'if h' I know 'ow 'tis, then h'I'm blow'd!
Such muss a-fore none ever know'd:
W'y can't we coves h'our piles unload?
Chorus.—We wunt be beat, etc.

JEM MACE.

Waal, blast my h'eys! but this ain't rum—
This job! from h'over zeas to cum,
And be h'arrested like a "bum!"—
Whist, pals, and let the word be mum.
Chorus.—We wunt be beat, etc.

SLADE (THE MAORI.)

Jem Mace 'e vound zis leetle poy,
Wa off un Zea Land, Maoroy,
Und zince 'e's kum o' zhip-a-hoy,
'E dontz iz wizit much enjoy.
Chorus.—We wunt be beat, etc.

—F. W. P.

A SOUTHERN paper is responsible for the statement that a Georgia man the other day broke his back with a sneeze. This is another striking example of the pernicious practice of carrying concealed weapons. The report does not state whether the sneeze was loaded, but we infer as much from the fatal result which followed. If the Georgia man had left his sneeze at home, like a prudent man and law-abiding citizen, he might at this moment be drinking whisky and competing for the prize of champion alligator story-teller of the lower section. Criminal carelessness ought to be the verdict rendered by the intelligent jury selected to "set on" the remains.

DURING the past week things have been going on swimmingly in Ohio.

TALK ABOUT YER JERSEY LILIES, AIN'T *SHE* A DAISY?

THE extraordinary rapidity with which the new Southern novelist has gained his literary laurels may be accounted for from the fact that they came by Cable.

AN odd saying that—that the end of love is matrimony.

THE German funny paper is called *Flegende Blatter.* Its name is the funniest thing apparent about it.

CON.: What is the relation of a Congressman to a pawnbroker? The same as that of any man who gives pledges and spouts.

MEM. for any gallant captain in a breach of promise case: A rash engagement leads to a ruinous action.

POETIC TAILOR'S CLERK (shouting up the tube to the man of the goose above): "Descend, ye Nine."

WE congratulate the Hon. Thomas Kinsella, in obtaining control of the Brooklyn *Eagle.*

GROUNDS FOR COMPLAINT, IF NOT ACTION.

THERE sits, every afternoon, at the New York entrance to the Fulton Ferry an old blind man, who repeats incessantly, and in a cadence most excruciating to the ear: "Brooklyn-*Eagle*-you're-an-ass, Brooklyn-*Eagle*-you're-an-ass!" For what purpose, and by whose authority, this sightless Muezzin croons his never-varied chant we are uninformed; but it strikes us that such language is rather uncivil to our esteemed contemporary across the water-way, which, we are bound to say, has never, to our knowledge at least, exhibited anything like an approach to the quality assigned it. Mr. Thomas Kinsella, or some of his associates, ought to "go for" this libeler with a club, and "welcome him with bloody hands to a hospitable grave." An attack could easily be planned, and safely carried out, without involving the slightest danger from the enemy. Besides, if the iteration and reiteration is allowed to go on unquestioned for a great while longer, people may be led to suspect the *Eagle* for being something it is evidently not. However, that is our contemporary's business, not ours.

P. S.—Since writing the above we have been privately informed by a learned Brooklyn pundit that what the blind man tries and really means to say is—"Brooklyn-*Eagle-Union-Argus.*" We hasten to tender our apologies.

ACCORDING to the rules of Homeopathy, like is to be treated with like. Hence homeopathic doctors expect only homeopathic fees, we suppose.

THE common expression is "From pillar to post," but there is an evening newspaper in New York so especially soporific that the phraseology should be changed to "From *Post* to pillow."

THE METALLIC AGES.—The world, having already successively passed through the Ages of Iron and of Silver, has now fairly and fully entered upon the Age of *Steal.*

"GENERAL" A-DAM BAD-EAU has written a history of the War of the Rebellion, with a full recollection of his own wonderful exploits. He should have hardly written on such a subject, unless, indeed, he had written on cabbage-leaves. *Simila similibus curantus,* as the homeopaths are accustomed to remark.

BECAUSE Lawyer Hardy fired into a crowd of hoodlums who were snow-balling him in Roosevelt street the other day and shot one of them, an attempt is being made to prove that he is insane.

A BIG SCORE.

PARTY (who has been celebrating an anniversary) reads: "*No.* 4444. *Blowed if I knowe I this was such a big hote.*"

JAY GOULD'S PROPOSED TRIP AROUND THE WORLD—HE PROPOSES TO TRAVEL AS THE NATIVES TRAVEL.

Tinkering a "Relic."

THREE or four months ago, when a Detroiter returned from a long European tour, he brought with him, among other relics, a clock purchased at a pawnshop in Paris, and believed to be about four hundred years old. The article was not purchased for its "time," as it had not ticked a tick for fifty years; but the case was of curious workmanship, and the whole was a relic of considerable value. It has been on exhibition in the owner's office on Larned street for the last two months, and has excited much wonderment and curiosity. The other day, while the owner was temporarily absent from his room, a traveling clock-tinker made the tour of the building. Seeing the room open and the old clock off duty, he walked in with the remark:

"Man would say no if he was here, but I'll have the old machine ticking before he gets back, and if he doesn't want to come down with fifty cents, I'll take a quarter. I've passed the age when I can afford to be mean with anybody."

The clock was yanked down from its bracket, thrown on its back on the desk, and in thirty seconds a screwdriver had separated it into half a dozen pieces.

"Lots o' rust and dust, and dirt, but I can have her ticking away like a streak of lightning in less than——"

At this moment the owner stood in the door. It took him about twenty seconds to comprehend what was occurring, and during this interval the tinker coolly observed:

"Didn't find you in, but it's all the same, I presume. I am always willing to fix a clock for a gentleman and leave the question of pay to him."

"Hold, you villain," shouted the gentleman, as soon as he could get his breath. "Great Heavens! but what have you done?"

"Took your old dust-box to pieces, oiled up several of the wheels, straightened out about a dozen kinks, and in about ten minutes more I'll have it ticking away as cheerfully as a bull's-eye watch at a husking-bee."

"Stop! stop! I command you to stop! That clock is over four hundred years old."

"Shouldn't a bit wonder, and I don't believe it has ticked twice since the battle of Waterloo."

"It was a relic—I bought it in Paris—I paid seventy-six dollars for it as a sacred relic.

"Paid too much—altogether too much, but that's a side issue. Shall I go ahead and fix her up to run?"

"No! no!"

"Won't charge you but fifty cents."

"No! no!"

"Might perhaps do it for a quarter."

"I tell you no! How dare you come in here and lay hands on my clock during my absence? I'll have you arrested.

"Don't? I'll fix her for nothing, if you won't."

The best thing the owner of the clock could do was to ask the tinker to put the parts together as they were at first. This was accomplished in five minutes' time, and as the tinker packed up his tools he humbly remarked:

"I hain't made a cent out of this job, and have lost a half an hour's time, but yet there's nothing mean about me. Gimme seventy-five cents, and I'll make that clock look to be two thousand years old in two jerks of a lamb's tail!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

WHEN the police authorities begin to raid the Salvation Armies in this and neighboring cities, nests of very dangerous people will be broken up. The recent escapades of "brothers" and "sisters" in these armies justify us in reaching this conclusion.

RERDELL is having his inning as an informer in the Star Route trials. Perhaps Ex-Senator Dorsey will yet tell the true inwardness of the robberies. Does Col. Bliss wish him to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth?

DERNIER RESORT.—It looks very much as though French Grevy won't hold out long enough to serve the people of that disunited country with *sauce piquante* all 'round.

FORMS of expression vary in various countries. For example, the outlandish French people call a boss cook a *chef*—a most unmeaning and ridiculous designation—while in the great, glorious, untrammeled and boundless West, the same individual is most beautifully and poetically described as a "fixer of stuffin'" and a "slinger of hash." Will our less fastidious French friends please make a note of this and credit our institutions on the proper side of the ledger?

IN Germany, when two men drink together they touch glasses and say "*Prosit.*" Here they drink together so often and so much that they haven't time to say anything.

CAUTION TO THE CREDULOUS.—Dreams are said to go by contraries, and so do popular expressions sometimes. When a rough says of a friend "Oh, he's a good un"—look out for the friend.

AN EXCEPTION.—It isn't every drinker of whisky who makes a rye face.

IT is a common error to accuse Fortune with blindness in liberally showering its gifts upon a young prodigal. Better upon him than a miser. The one scatters it with a lavish hand; the other keeps it all to himself. There is method, great method, in Fortune—and please bear it in mind.

THE most difficult problem just now going is, to square the circle of a Gainsborough hat. A good many husbands utterly fail in the attempt, though quite competent to square their bills generally, and give expression to their disappointment in language a good deal more forcible than elegant.

FROM NOTHING TO NOTHINGNESS.

First Lady.—Oh, dear! I am tired of doing nothing. What are you doing, Kate?

Second Lady.—Oh, nothing at all, my dear.

First Lady.—Well, then, as we are both doing nothing, suppose we go out shopping? [They went.]

THE BRIDGE.

DEDICATED TO G. T.

I STOOD on the bridge at midnight
When the clocks were tolling the hour,
And I felt about to have 'em
From taking too much gin sour.

I gave myself to reflection.
There was water under me,
But I preferred the goblet
When 'twas filled with good whisky.

And in the gleam of the starlight
Of that pleasant night in June
My nose shone like a furnace,
And was swelled like a balloon.

Among the long, black rafters,
Each one of which cost a pile,
Had been sunk a moderate fortune,
And this caused me to smole a smile.

As I thought how, careering through them,
In some belated time,
Would go the Sea-island savage,
From a far-off, sunny clime.

And like those savages rushing
Across at some future day,
A flood of thoughts came o'er me
As I thought of the long delay.

How often, oh, how often,
Before my hair was gray,
Had I thought the bridge would be ready
Before I was laid away.

How often, oh, how often,
I had wished that the rising tide
Would sweep from their positions
Directors with pockets wide.

For their fingers were long and restless,
For the public they did not care,
Till the burden upon the people
Caused taxpayers wroth to swear.

But now it is getting better,
The structure begins to rise,
For the young, young Mayor of Brooklyn
Has opened the peoples' eyes.

Yet whenever I'll cross East River
On that bridge made up of "steal,"
I'll think of the poor taxpayer,
Who was fleeced with unflagging zeal.

And I think how many thousands
Of poor, tax-burdened men,
Each bearing his burden of taxes,
Will swear like a trooper when

He sees the accumulations
That he will have to pay,
From the time he is young and restless
Till his hair is turning gray.

Yet forever and forever,
As long as the people pay,
As long as there's "boodle" to capture,
As long as they find a way,

Will the Brooklyn Bridge be a swindle,
A shadow in each clear day,
The symbol of millions wasted,
Which the people will have to pay.

—GIL.

That Moose Story.

BY BRICKTOP.

"SPEAKIN' 'bout mooses 'minds me of one that I shot Down East in 1825," said old Hi Berry to some of his neighbors, as they all sat toasting their shins around the store stove swapping lies and browning the sand in the box at Port Jefferson. "That thar war the toughest tussle ever I had, I can tell yer."

"What was it, Hi?" asked one of them, after biting off a piece of plug.

"Wall, it may seem a little brazin', but truth will bear its weight, anyhow. Yer see, me'n a chap named Bates war out on Moosehead Lake a-fishin' through the ice for pickerel; an', by the way, speakin' 'bout pickerel, thar's whar yer catch 'em weighin' twenty an' thirty pounds. That's *fishin'*, that is. Wal, we had our guns along in case we might see somethin'; an' just as I pulled out a thirty-pound pickerel, we spied a big moose on shore. Bates took up his gun, but it war so cold a-lyin' on the ice that she wouldn't go off—powder sorter froze, yer know. So I picked up my gun. An' that war a good gun, yer can jest bet yer boots. She'd killed everything from Injuns ter chipmunks. Injuns? Wal, I should say so. My father fit all through the last war with it, an' Injuns war thicker'n flies down that way. Why, he chopped the breech all up makin' notches in it ter keep 'count of ther redskins he killed. Oh, yer may larf, but I'll bet my boat agin a plug er terbacker that I can prove it. An' he killed a rattlesnake with ther butt of it once that war eighteen feet long an' had forty rattles. Yer don't believe it? Wal, yer can do ther other thing, then; it's a free country, thank ther Lord. Why, I remember when I was a boy of findin' one frozen stiff in ther snow that war ten feet an' one inch long, an' had twenty rattles. Yes, sir, twenty rattles; an' maybe yer don't b'lieve *that*. Wal, larf, if that suits yer better; but who's tellin' this story—you or me?

"How about the moose? Wal, I'll come to him bime-by. I want ter tell yer 'bout that rattlesnake. Yer see, we boys found him in the woods, an' thort as how we'd have some fun. So we tied a rope round his neck, and started on a run home with him as tight as we could lick it. Wal, sur, what der yer think? Yer know the varmint wasn't dead, but he wur frozen stiff as a fence rail, and we run so fast that the friction of the snow thawed him out. Fact, an' I can prove it. Yer don't believe it, Ike Balis? Do yer mean ter say yer doubt my word? I tell yer it's gospil truth. We run him through the snow so fast that the friction thawed him out, and he begun ter show fight. But we soon cooled him off, though. How? Wal, all we had ter do was ter let him freeze up agin, an' then we walked home with him all stiff agin. I tell yer it's mighty cold Down East. We don't have any such cold weather here on Long Island as they do down thar, bet yer boots. Why, I've seen it so cold there that it froze critters' hoofs. Why, ninety-nine below what-do-yer-call-it?—luzero, is only ordinary weather in winter. Ther winter of '40 wur a tough one—bet yer boots. I remember it right smart, I tell yer. It was the fust year of ther temp'rance agitation in Maine; but the agitators had ter take spiruts ter keep from freezin', and the consequence wur, they kept drunk so much that they made terrible examples of theirselves, and did a big thing for the cause of temp'rance.

"What's that to do with my moose story? Wal, I was only leadin' up ter it. As I war a sayin', I picked up my gun an' drew a bead on that thar moose. Yer know what that means when *I* draw a bead on anything, Bill Taylor, eh? Mind when I shot ther tail off a gray squirrel last fall, two hundred feet away, up in ther top of a hickory tree, for a betof two dollars with George Fordham, an' sent that squirrel off without a narrative? 'Course yer do. Wal, as I said afore, I picked up 'Ole Kicker'—that's what we used ter call ther gun. I'll tell yer why. Ther fact is she would kick like thunder if yer didn't know how ter hold her when yer fired, an' that war a family secret how ter hold her. Wal, once a big Injun stole that thar gun outer father's house an' war runnin' away with it like thunder. The ole man he yelled, an' started arter ther red cuss, when he turned an' fired at him with it. Wal, ther ole man got his gun back agin, an' he got a dead Injun, too. How? Why, that gun kicked ther very stuffin' outer him. That's why he christened it 'Ole Kicker.' Don't be so confounded fast, Uncle Bill; I'll get at it presently. Wal, as I said afore, I drew a bead on that moose. Say, ever shoot at a moose—ever shoot a deer? No? Wal, I'll bet yer can't hit either one on 'em first time. Why not? Why, it's sure ter give yer ther 'buck-fever.' What's 'buck-fever?' I 'thort everybody knowed what that is. It's a sorter tremblin'-like, as if yer war scart, ther furst time yer take a pop at enermost any big game. Why, bless yer soul, I've knowed good hunters an' brave men who got shaky as an old barn ther fust time they went ter shoot at big game, 'specially deers an' moose. Remember Tom Rowlun? Wal, he even got shaky when he tried ter kill his fust hedge-hog, an' shot so wild that he killed one of Walt Jones' pigs as war a-rootin' ten rods from whar ther game was. Yer remember it. Thunder, how we used ter laugh at Tom 'bout that! What's yer hurry, Uncle Bill? Going home, Charley? Oh, I'll get at the moose story presently. Seems ter me yer all seem ter be in a hurry. Some folks can't keep still five minits in a place. Is ther tide in? Wal, as I war a-sayin', I draw'd a bead on that moose—say, going home, Uncle Dan? Don't be in a hurry; it arn't late yet. Are yer all goin'? Say, Bob, goin' clammin' ter-morrer? Wal, it's slack water 'bout ten, I b'lieve. But, as I was sayin', that moose stood right thar lookin' at me. Are yer goin', Mr. Darlin? Oh, wal, if nobody wants ter hear my story, I'll stop," said he, sullenly, finding that his listeners had all left, having become tired of trying to get at his story of that moose.

Yes, they all left, one by one, and he found himself alone with the store-keeper. He squirted tobacco juice viciously at the stove and looked insulted as he shoved his hands into his pockets.

"I say, Hi, how old are you?" asked the store-keeper.

"Fifty," he answered, savagely.

"And you killed this moose in 1825?"

"Yes."

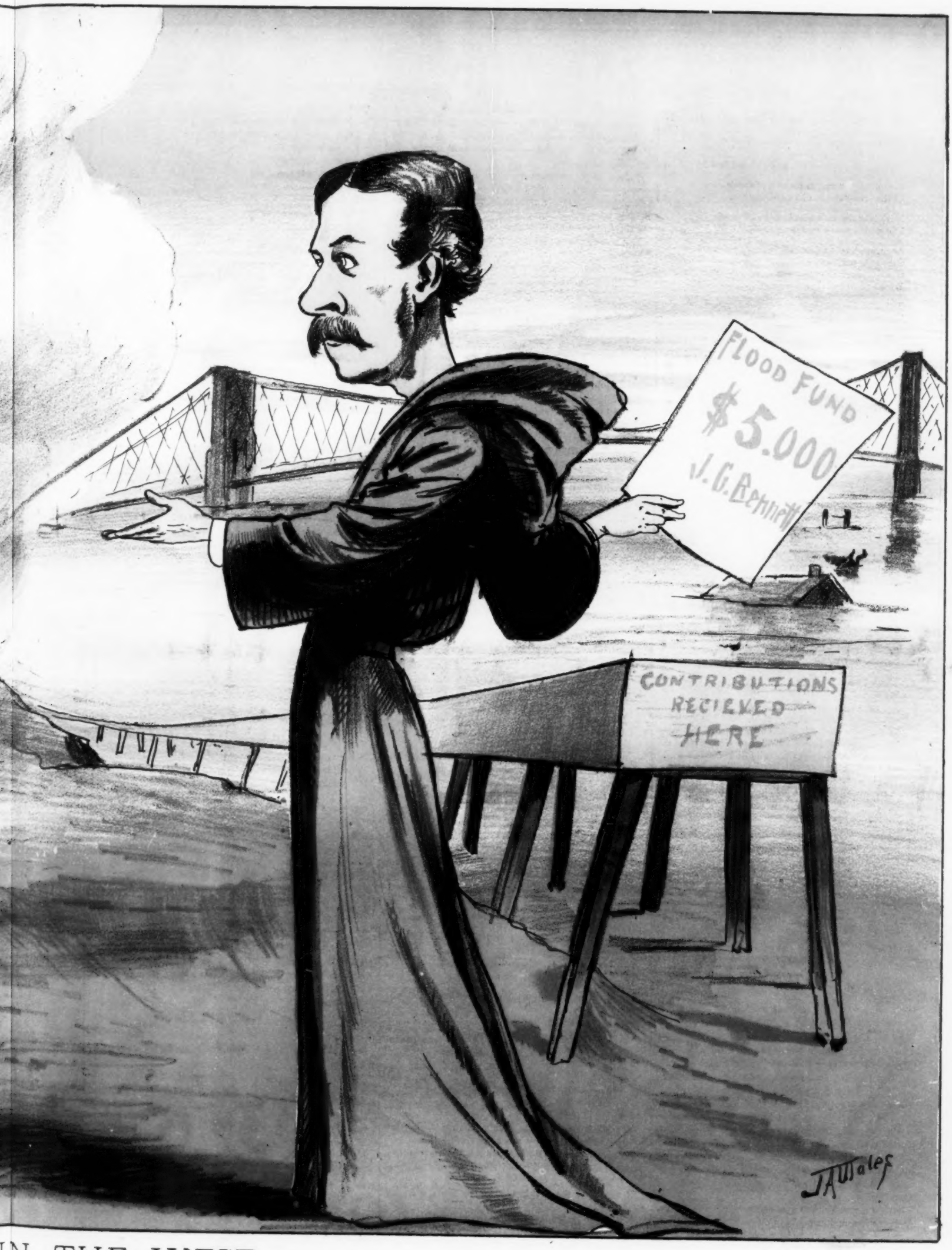
"This is 1878. According to figures, you must have been three years of age at the time."

"What! Oh, some people are allus a-figgerin' an' a-figgerin'," he growled, pulling his old sou'-wester over his eyes and shuffling out of the store, and that moose story was never finished.

A PRACTICAL SOLUTION OF THE TEMPERANCE QUESTION.

THE FLOODS IN T

A HUMBLE JOURNALIST SETTING AN EXAM



IN THE WEST.

N EXAMPLE FOR THE MONOPOLISTS.

THE DOMICILE ERECTED BY JOHN.

(Translated from the vulgate of M. Goose.)

BEHOLD the mansion reared by dordal Jack!

See the malt stored in many a plethoric sack
In the proud cirque of Ivan's bivouac.

Mark how the rat's felonious fangs invade
The golden stores in John's pavilion laid.

Anon, with velvet foot and Tarquin strides,
Subtle Grimalkin to his quarry glides:
Grimalkin grim, that slew the fierce rodent,
Whose tooth insidious Johann's sackcloth rent.

Lo! now the deep-mouthed canine foe's assault,
That vext the avenger of the stolen malt,
Stored in the hallowed precincts of that hall,
That rose complete at Jack's creative call.

Here stalks the impetuous cow with crumpled horn,
Whereon the exacerbating hound was torn:
Who bayed the feline slaughter beast that slew
The rat predacious, whose keen fangs ran through
The textile fibers that involved the grain
That lay in Hans' inviolate domain.

Here walketh the forlorn damsel, crowned with rue
Lactiferous spoils from vaccine glands, who drew
Of that corniculate beast, whose tortuous horn
Tossed to the clouds, in fierce, vindictive scorn,
The baying hound, whose braggart bark and stir
Arched the lithe spine and raised the indignant fur
Of puss, that with vermicidal claw
Struck the weird rat, in whose insatiate maw
Lay reeking malt, erst in Juan's courts we saw.

Robed in genesent garb, that seems, in sooth,
Too long, a prey to Crona's iron tooth,
Behold the man whose amorous lips incline,
Full with young Eros' osculative sign,
To the lorn maid, whose lactalbic hands
Drew albulactic milk from the lacteal glands
Of that immortal bovine, by whose horn
Distort to realms ethereal was borne
The beast cannicular, vexer of that sly
Elusive quadrupedal, who made die
The old mordacious rat, that dared to devour
Antecedaneous ale in John's domestic bower.

Lo! here with hirsute honors doffed, succinct
Of saponaceous locks, the priest, who linked
In Hymen's golden band the man unthrift,
Whose means exiguous stared from many a rift
Even as he kissed the virgin all forlorn,
Who milked the cow with implicated horn,
Who in fierce wrath the canine torture skied
That dared to vex the insiduous muricide,
Who let auroral effluence through the pelt
Of that sly rat, who robbed the palace Jack had built.

The loud cantankerous Shanghai comes at last,
Whose shouts aroused che shorn ecclesiast,
Who sealed the vows of Hymen's sacrament
To him, who, robed in garments indigent,
Exosculates the damsel lachrymose,
The emulgator of the horned brute morose,
That tossed the dog that worried the cat that killed
The rat that ate the malt that lay in the house that
Jack built.

AMI DE MONPER.

No. 41144's Prisoner.

BY "ED."

PATRICK McGINTY came from that beautiful island across the sea which furnishes us with Aldermen, O'Donovan Rossas, "*Hurrahs*" Relief Funds, St. Patrick Day Parades, Orangemen, and Anti-Chinese Orators, yclept Ireland.

Patrick was six feet high, had red hair, could drink like a fish, had a fist on him like a New Haven ham, and had about as much brains and common-sense as a pickled whale.

Therefore, as a matter of course, with a brother-in-law who kept a liquor saloon, and a cousin who was "up at Albany," Patrick was immediately put upon the police.

But for a wonder the Commissioners exercised a little discretion, and instead of putting him at once down in the Sixth Ward, where he would have probably been killed inside of fifteen minutes after he got upon post (such being the friendly greeting usually given to new "coppers" by the Sixth Warders), they delegated him up in the "goat" district, where the greatest danger is that a patrolman may die of too much sleep, for the inhabitants are few and far between, and arrests are decidedly infrequent.

Indeed, to the idle blue-coats a drunken tramp is a perfect bonanza, and when a fight occurs between two school-boys, the whole reserve is called out and the news is telegraphed down to head-quarters as a "terrible riot in Morrisania."

For a long while did Paddy McGinty (No. 41144) promenade about the rocks without a chance to distinguish himself, until one day the captain called to him as he was going out upon beat.

"McGinty," said the captain.

"Yes," said McGinty.

"I want you to arrest Hoolihan's goat."

"All roight," replied McGinty.

Now Hoolihan's goat was the terror of the precinct. A wild, untamed, big-horned goat was Hoolihan's; a goat with a sawed off tail and dirty-white hair; a bucker of men and a swallower of tin cans; a knocker over of small children and a feaster upon posters; in fact, a regular Jesse James stripe of goat.

Immediately did McGinty make footsteps for the cabin of the Hoolihans.

"Ain't you going on beat?" queried Patrolman 76, who was 41144's side partner.

"No."

"Why not?"

"I have a special mission."

"What?"

"To make an arrist."

"An arrest?"

"Yis."

"Of who?"

"Hoolihan's goat;" and McGinty proceeded to enter more particularly into details.

"Soy, 76," said he, in conclusion, to his listener, "wood ye moind giving me a sheer?"

"About what?"

"When I secure the baste, what will I do wid it? Faix, I didn't loike to expose my ignorance to the captain."

Patrolman 76 was somewhat of the wag.

"Take it right to court," said he. "So long;" and he lit out.

Valiantly did McGinty enter the court-yard of the Hoolihan mansion.

Old man Hoolihan leant over the pig-sty puffing away at an Avenue A meerschaum (T. D.).

"Misther Hoolihan," said McGinty, "shure it is sad, but I have come upon a painful errand. I must make an arrist."

"Faix, 'tis sorry I am, but ye are too late," replied Mr. Hoolihan; "a fly-cop tuk Danny last noight. The bye got too aristocratic. As long as he worruked the freight cars for pig-iron he was all roight, but whin he thried to burglarize McNulty's stone-yard I knew he wud get caught. He wur traced by the monument he tuk."

"It isn't Danny," replied McGinty, "it is yez goat I want."

"Take him wid pleasure," said Hoolihan; "it's meself who is glad to get rid av the baste. There he lies roight in the corner."

"Have ye a cord?"

Mr. Hoolihan took down the clothes-line most accommodatingly.

"Here, this will do ye," said he.

No. 41144 advanced toward the goat.

Let us here chronicle a most remarkable slice of truth.

The goat did not buck McGinty.

It did not knock him over the rocks and bore holes in his stomach with its horns.

Nothing of the kind.

Instead, it submitted to having the rope tied about its neck as quietly as if it was a spavined old cow.

So in triumph did McGinty lead forth his captive, while Hoolihan waved "God speed ye!" with a faded handkerchief.

McGinty and the goat headed for the Yorkville Police Court.

McGinty's march, though in one sense triumphal, was not altogether a path of roses.

Numerous of 41144's acquaintances beheld him and his prisoner.

They grew satirical.

Such remarks as the following were heard:

"Look at McGinty's mash!"

"It's his brother!"

"Which is the goat?"

"McGinty, introduce us!"

"Do you mean to give it to your girl!"

"Bedad, he got it for a birthday gift."

McGinty paid no heed.

He kept right on till the court was reached. The court was up-stairs.

Now came the first trouble.

The goat positively refused to go up-stairs.

Persuasion, bricks, coaxing, hay-sticks, sugar, cobble-stones all were used without success. The goat stood firm. Death before going up-stairs.

At last, sweaty and disgusted, McGinty left the goat in charge of two ragged boys who volunteered to take care of it.

McGinty went up in court, and after awhile, when his turn came, he came up before the justice.

"Where's your prisoner?" snapped the Justice.

"Down-stairs," replied McGinty.

The Justice looked surprised.

"Down-stairs?" repeated he; "why didn't you bring him up?

"He wouldn't come," placidly said McGinty.

"Who's he with?"

"Two boys."

The Justice bent his brows.

"My man," said he, "you're either a fool or a jackass, or a rogue. What's your prisoner charged with?"

"Assault and battery."

"Worse than worse. Are you crazy to leave a man accused of assault and battery in charge of two boys? How old are the boys?"

"About eight years apiece? "but your Honor——"

"Well?"

"It ain't a man I've arristed, sure it's Hoolihan's goat!"

The chronicle states that the yell of laughter which went up from that court; was heard at Snake Hill. When sufficiently recovered, his Honor told McGinty to take the goat to the pound.

Alas, when 41144 got down the goat was gone, so were the boys.

The goat went on four legs, while the boys went on shutters.

The goat still roams the precints of Shantytown, McGinty doesn't.

The ridicule of his fellow officers was too much for him, and he used the influence he had to get transferred.

He was.

As he could hardly read or write, and could not go above four times three in the multiplication table, the Commissioners, with great sense, at once placed him down to head-quarters to figure up what the suits for back-pay will cost the Pension Fund, if anybody knows where said Fund is.

LOGIC A LA FRANCAISE.

THE philosophic French people find nothing to complain of in the Prince of Wales' excessive gallantry towards the fair sex. This conclusion is certainly a logical one, inasmuch as, in their language, the Prince of Wales is necessarily the Prince of *Galles*.

"AHA! FIRE FEELS GOOD TO-DAY, DON'T IT?"

COLONEL TOM DUNLAP should write a book upon "What I Know About the Commissioner of Jurors' Department."

SENATOR MAHONE, of Virginia, is it not about time that you made less bluster in and around Washington? The general public is heartily sick of reading about the antics of such a caricature upon statesmen as you are.

JOHN C. WILLIAMSON, the editor and proprietor of the *Metropolis*, is negotiating for the purchase of the ground whereon the old *World* building stood. He expects that the *Metropolis* will reach a circulation of 500,000.

JOHN J. O'BRIEN has been chosen as the presiding officer of the new Republican Central Committee of this county. He should indeed rejoice. Let him take counsel with the better element of the party and act accordingly.

JACOB SHARPE, the street-railroad magnate, should be forced to dispose of his bobtail cars, and in their stead have the old-fashioned kind with conductor attachment. Commissioner Voorhis should give Jacob another shaking-up.

HARRY ALLAWAY, formerly of the New York *Times*, is giving the New Havenites a chance to behold a live newspaper in their midst. The New Haven *News* under the management of Messrs. Allaway, Davenport & Co., should become a power in Connecticut.

GOVERNOR CLEVELAND, the warden and other officials of Sing Sing prison should at once be removed from their positions. No time should be wasted in taking this step. It is more than likely that the convict-witnesses before the Assembly's investigating committee will be made to suffer more than ever before if the officers referred to are not quickly displaced.

MAYOR EDSON should at once demand the resignation of Jacob Vanderpoel as a Commissioner in the Dock Department. Mr. Vanderpoel has shown himself totally unfit for so responsible a position. To put it mildly, his conduct in rescuing Chief Clerk Whitney from prosecution as a defaulter was not that of a man anxious that justice should be done "though the heavens fall."

"PLUNGER" WALTON, it is generally supposed, is a representative sporting-man in this city. He wagers large sums of money on horse-races, and is usually a "winner." It is common rumor that sporting-men are open-handed and free-hearted. If this is so, has he not stepped out of the beaten track in refusing to pay the starvation wages demanded by men employed by him to clean the streets in a populous district of this city?

JAY GOULD is having the handsomest yacht in the world built for his own use. In it he expects to circumnavigate the globe. While the vessel rides through the waters he will have, no doubt, abundance of opportunity for thought. He will recall, we hope, the orders given by him to wreck the fortunes of others so that he might prosper. During his long trip he should give his heart a chance to increase in size, and when he once more steps upon American soil he may be disposed to disgorge some of his ill-gotten gains.

EX-MAYOR WILLIAM H. WICKHAM should not travel about upon "his shape," and talk so loudly of himself. One of the neatest set-backs which he recently received was when he gruffly accosted a well-known young New Yorker with, "I say Billy, why did you and the rest of the gang try to 'string' Herman Oelrichs for Mayor? Oelrichs is a nice young feller, but you fellers are way off. Take the advice of a man who has been Mayor of New York——" "What," exclaimed the listener in astonishment, "you! Were you ever Mayor of New York?"

ALBERT PULITZER has done well with the *Morning Journal*, the new morning newspaper sold for a penny. Mr. Pulitzer was years ago a member of the *Sun's* staff of reporters when that brilliant genius, Amos J. Cummings, was the managing editor. Later, Mr. Pulitzer became one of the *Herald* staff, and had a mission to Europe for Mr. Bennett. In connection with other capitalists Mr. Pulitzer, a few weeks ago, started the *Morning Journal*, and the new paper looks like one that will live. It is full of local news, written in a charmingly bright manner, and is having a great sale.

BOB BURDETTE should not claim credit for a story told by a certain United States Senator from the West. The story as told by Robert is as follows: "It may be news to you since you have invited me to 'smile,' that I have become a total abstainer. I reduced the matter to figures and found out that to each man is allotted one barrel of whisky; and by close calculation I discovered that I had drunk a barrel and a half; in other words, I had drunk my own and half of some other man's barrel. I am too honest to rob anybody, especially of the whisky we get nowadays, and therefore have quit drinking whisky entirely." It is a good story; but as Robert is a very clever originator of stories he should not attempt to steal a United States Senator's best thunder.

TOM OCHILTREE, member of Congress elect from some God-forsaken district in Texas, is one of the most notorious nuisances in public life. For many years he has been paraded in the newspapers as an exceedingly funny liar. Now that he is about to begin a two-years' term as a Congressman he is not so funny as is his wont. Some one is anxious that he shall square his accounts with the Government. When he retired from his position as a United States Marshal in Texas his books did not balance. He desires the public to understand that some of the gentlemen who served as his assistants wrongfully appropriated the money which is charged against him. It is to be hoped that the Sergeant-at-Arms of the House of Representatives will not succumb to the blandishments of the Great Man from Texas. Such addle-pated men as Ochiltree receive altogether too much encouragement in this country.

GOVERNOR PATTISON'S NURSE.

THE GREAT CASSIDY: *"I will bring you up in the way you should go."*

THE GRIEF OF FAIR IMOGENE.

"FAREWELL, bright hopes, farewell."

The words came forth from the pale lips of Imogene O'Flatherty, as she stood in the silence of the night, gazing out upon the surface of the snow with a come-again-next-Sunday-night expression on her agonized countenance. Then she turned her face toward the silvery moon, who rode high in the heavens, sailing in majesty like a queen and casting silver rays of light across the face of the maiden and upon the magnificent cottage and the pig-stye in the rear. Yet Imogene heeded it not. Her willowy form was robed in a gorgeous dress of sixpenny muslin, and through the silken braids of her auburn hair glittered a large diamond of the first water—two for a "helf-a-tollar"—the gift of Adolphus Clarence McGuinness. But her absence from the supper-table had been noted—t ere was a large quantity of hash left; that told the tale; and her mother sought Imogene's room.

"Why dost thou muse thus pensive, ah, pride of the O'Flathêrtys?" whispered the aged mother, as she sat down upon a fauteuil, from which she quickly sprang with a yell and proceeded to extract a needle from her person. She had seated herself on Imogene's needle-work. Then Imogene turned her liquid, kiss-me-if-you-dare eyes upon her maternal ancestor and whispered, "Adolphus asked me to go sleighing, but I cannot. My bunion, oh, my bunion!" and the fair Imogene gave way to a fit of weeping, which did not cease even when her mother sought to soothe her with a slipper.

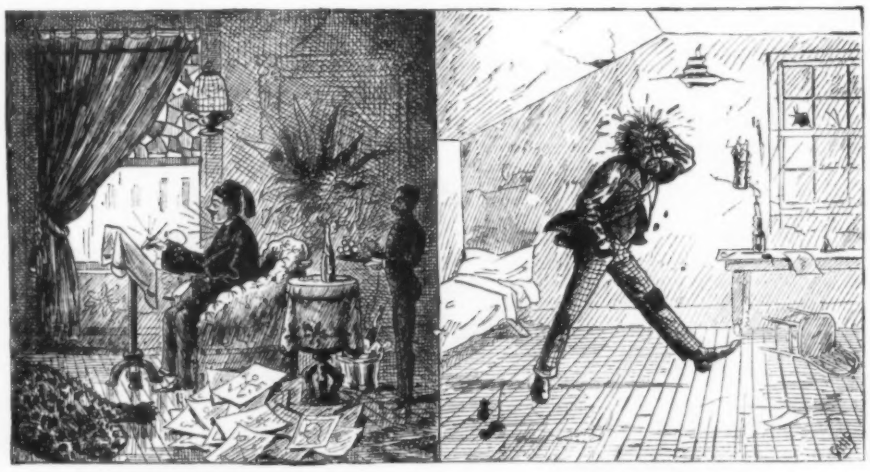
H. O. T.

IF the Legislature intends to do anything for the benefit of this city, why should it not flatten out the present Board of Education?

THE prompt conviction of President Boice, Cashier Shaw, and Book-keeper Beach, of the suspended City Bank of Jersey City, ought to make some of the rascally officers of banks in this city and elsewhere squirm.

STATE Senator Yancey has introduced a bill in the Missouri Legislature, making it a felony to publish in any Missouri newspaper the details of a prize-fight. Is there a State Senator in New York who will follow the excellent example set by the Missouri statesman?

SHERIFF Alexander V. Davidson, of New York County, has decided that the Tombs prison yard must not be opened for an amusement-seeking public. Tickets of admission to the yard on the day fixed for the hanging of McGloin and Majone will not be sent as on previous like occasions, to those who attend "first night" performances at the theaters.



WHAT THE PUBLIC THINK.
Our comic artist drawing pictures for "The Judge."

HOW IT REALLY IS.
Our artist trying to think of a funny idea.

THE WARRIOR AND HIS LADY-LOVE

SIR LAUNCELOT stooped from his fiery steed,
To kiss the lips of the maiden fair;
A moment she trembled like shaking reed;
Then clipped a lock of her bonny hair.

"Oh, thanks!" said the knight, in an eager tone,
"You'll think of me when I'm far away?"
Then the maiden she cried: "Farewell, my one,
"I'll be as true as the light of day."

Once more he stooped, and then sped he away;
The maiden wept by the castle gate;
And they both regretted the parting day,
And both repined at their cruel fate.

Sir Launcelot's sword on many a field
Waved high in air by his brave king's side,
But the war at last to sweet Love did yield,
He hastened home to his future bride.

He eagerly knocked at the castle gate,
But on his heart fell a sudden gloom,
When he heard the gruff old warden relate,
"The maid has married her father's groom."

JOHN A. LOGAN.

Belknap at the Fire.

THERE was a big fire down-town the other night, and Belknap, along with a good many of the Redmon hill gallants, put on his plug hat, and started out to assist in standing on the hose, and also to yell, if anybody appeared at the windows and tried to direct the firemen what to do. He was promptly on the ground, his fine, manly face shining in the light of the flames, and his glistening gold-plated teeth lending a certain distinction to his demoniac "*Yoop da! Yoop da!*" when the foremen put the trumpets to their lips to engineer any particularly important feat. Gradually his excitement drew him a little in advance of the throng of spectators, and the first thing he knew, a very powerful stream from one of the hose-pipes struck his plug hat with a sickening thud, and carried it bounding along the edge of the crowd for about forty feet. The life and property of others were nothing to Belknap then. He stopped yelling and set out in frenzied pursuit of his new silk hat. Alas, alas, that it should so soon have faded in the height of its bloom and beauty! When he reached it, and picked it up, and polished it ruefully with his sleeve, its glory had departed. A bent and broken depression marked the spot where the waters had come down upon it; it was draggled and dripping, and a grimy and gritty deposit of sand and pavement dust had worked deep into its silken fiber. Belknap jammed it down over his ears in choking desperation, and looked about to see whom he should devour, but not being able to identify the pipeman who had directed the stream, and scarcely feeling warranted in mopping the pavement with any of the inoffensive citizens around him, he turned his energies, as a last resort, to fighting the fire.

The first thing he did was to seize an axe and smash in a plate-glass window in a part of the doomed building not yet reached by the fire. This created a lively draught, and the flames were soon sucking through the store with great fury.

Belknap then laid hold of one of the lengths of hose which was being dragged to the spot, and pulled with such frantic zeal that he drew the nozzle out of the pipemen's hands, and the head of water knocked them both down and drenched them to the skin. Meanwhile a man appeared at a second story window, yelling frantically for a ladder, and Belknap, thinking it was water that he wanted, snatched up the pipe and gave him the force of the full stream. The man was displaced like a ten-pin. By this time the pipemen got the nozzle away from Belknap and began to play into the mass of flame in the ground floor. Belknap stood back for a moment, to collect his senses and decide what to do next. A frantic desire seized him to save something. He did not care to go in where the flames were burning, of course—that was not necessary; but oh! if he could save a human life! or, if not that, a safe, or, at the very least, a silver butter-dish or a pearl-handled tooth-pick. He gazed wildly around. The man in the second story had secured his ladder, and come down very much in the condition of a half-drowned cat. But see! Is not that a face at that window over yonder, across the street? The sparks are flying in that direction. Surely, the building is in danger. Belknap's heart bounds within him. He looks again. It is a young and beautiful female face, stamped with the beseeching loveliness of terror. Oh, blessed opportunity! Belknap crowds the demoralized plug hat still tighter down about his ears, grabs a ladder, shouts to the crowd, and presently half a dozen bewildered citizens help him to place it against the wall. To be sure, the block is not burning yet; but then, it may be presently, and Belknap is so eager to save life intact from the flames. Up he swarms, before the fair watcher at the window comprehends what is happening, crowds in the sash with his knee, jumps into the room, seizes the lady, whose cries he takes to be hysterical screams of delight, crawls out on the ladder again, and holding the fair one to his bosom with one arm, steadies himself down the ladder with the other, and reaches the ground amid the plaudits of the swaying crowd, which is too excited to notice that not even the smell of fire has passed upon the building from which the rescue has been made. Belknap's face flushes with honest pride, and he is just about to bear the fainting lady away to a place of safety, when the vague suspicion of a swift-descending blow causes him to duck his head, and in another instant, with a deafening crash, as when the lofty pine tree parts with its roots upon Mount Ida, the deep-rooted plug hat of Augustus Belknap parts from his ears and falls with a hollow sound upon the pavement. "What are you doing with my wife, you blasted scoundrel!" shouts a hoarse voice in his ear; and Augustus feels his limbs smite one another hip and thigh, as he looks up and sees a burly young fireman in a red shirt flourishing a fist like a bass-drum bat over his head.

"I—I was only saving her from the flames," stammered the terrified Redmon hiller.

"Saving her from the flames, you pug-nosed puppy!" howled the young giant, as he drew the frightened lady from her would-be rescuer's arms. "Take that for your impertinence!—and that!"

When Belknap had passed through the gate of horror, and seen many strange and flitting visions, confusedly and with a persistent sense of suffering he awoke, and found himself in the gutter, with a raging stream of aqueduct water flowing all around his person, and two lengths of hose dragging over his anatomy like gigantic serpents. His head ached miserably, and his nose felt about as large as the knob on a church door—which he ascertained, by feeling of that member, to be the actual state of affairs. He called lustily for help, and presently two citizens relieved him from his uncomfortable and damp position, and he limped home, hatless, drenched, disfigured in countenance, wounded in feelings, and generally demoralized. His mother fell upon his neck and kissed her "dear, brave boy;" but Augustus only glowered at her around his big blue nose, and went up to bed without a word.

—THOMAS F. GRADY.

SNAPDRAGONS.

A SMART thing: Mustard.

FIE-AT money: Trade dollars.

A real French flat: Plon-Plon.

RIFLE practice: Pocket picking.

SAUCE for the goose: G'way, gander.

SHADY places: Detective headquarters.

How to put on the drag: Get marired.

VERITABLE duck of a doctor: The quack.

No great shakes: Two deuces and a tray.

SOURCE of information: "Inquire within."

MAIN chance: Betting on the favorite bird.

BARBAROUS Cockneyism: "Strike my pig."

A REGULAR land swell: Secretary Chandler.

ALWAYS in a stew: The oyster saloon cook.

BOX populi: The Mace-Slade-Sullivan crowd.

GAME not worth the powder: Gutter snipes.

DRAWER of the long beau: The arch archeress.

POLKA dots: Boot heels of a fashionable French girl.

COUNTRY politics: Free trade is jack-knives, every times.

MAXIM of the pill: "The labor I delight in physics pain."

To be sold immediately: All who read this paragraph.

A POPULAR invention (in the lower region): The fire escape.

DARK suspicion: "Somebody's in the house wid Dinah."

EPICUREAN consolation: Half a loaf is better than no sugar.

AN unequal match: Matching a five to a double-six at dominoes.

CONSTITUTIONAL question: "How is your influenza getting on?"

INTERESTING news for the family circle: Gold has dropped to pa.

ONION sentiment: "If you have tears, prepare to shed them now."

OBITUARY announcement: A course of events was buried yesterday.

QUERY for Spiritualists: Is a grate-eater anything like a hobgoblin?

THEOLOGICAL inquiries: What occupation does the *Christian at Work* follow?

ALL broke up: The track tramper unexpectedly overtaken by the down express.

LAP of luxury (to the street Arab): Lapping up the drippings from a molasses hogshead.

CHRONICALLY secretive personage: The man who doesn't let his left hand know what his right hand doeth.

THE musical event in prospective is the grand memorial performance under the direction of Dr. Leopold Damrosch. The programme will consist exclusively of selections from the greatest works of Wagner, and the services of the "most eminent soloists" in America have been secured. The boxes and first choice of seats are to be sold at auction.

"The Black Venus" has served to attract vast audiences to Niblo's Garden during the week. Under the energetic management of Messrs. Poole and Gilmore this old time favorite resort is flourishing. Next week Messrs. Thatcher, Primrose & West's Minstrels will appear.

At Haverly's Fourteenth Street Theater "Her Atonement" was played to fair audiences during the week. Next week Bartley Campbell's romantic drama, "Siberia."

Mr. J. K. Emmet did a light business in "Fritz in Ireland" at the Cosmopolitan Theater this week. Bob Morris' "Old Shipmates" will serve to draw the audiences next week.

"Iolanthe" still chirps at the Standard Theater.

"The Queen's Lace Handkerchief" may still be admired at the Casino.

The Union Square Theater holds its own with "A Parisian Romance." We wish the police authorities would hold the bad actors and blatant dramatic critics (?) who swarm the sidewalks near this theater every day.

"My Partner" made John A. Stevens, of the Windsor Theater, very happy during the week.

Glorious John Stetson rejoices in Booth's Theater over the magnificence of "Monte Cristo."

Everybody knows that the interior of Tony Pastor's Theater in Fourteenth street is never dull and stupid.

At Daly's the new comedy by the authoress of the "Passing Regiment," entitled "Seven Twenty-eight, or Casting the Boomerang," is announced for next week.

Harrigan and Hart's "McSorley's Inflation" is laughed at by large audiences every night and at the matinees, Tuesdays and Fridays.

Mr. McKee Rankin did well with the reconstructed "49" this week in the Grand Opera House. Next week Frank Mayo in "The Streets of New York."

The San Francisco Minstrels are always in luck. They are doing an immense business.

The Boston Ideal Opera Company, at the Fifth Avenue Theater, have taken lovers of good singing by storm.

We are assured by Mr. Lester Wallack that Mr. Osmond Tearle is in good health, and that he is performing every night in "The Silver King."

"Heart and Hand" at the Bijou Opera House.

"Young Mrs. Winthrop" promises to grow old at the Madison Square Theater.

SHE WASN'T SURE ABOUT IT.

"ANY Episcopalians around her, ma'am?" timidly inquired a sanctified colporteur, engaged in the arduous work of evangelization in northern New Jersey, of a hale and hearty old Dutch woman whom he encountered at the outskirts of the village, whither his blistered feet were directed. "Vell," she replied, "I vas not so sure aboud those; bud I dinks my poy Chris shod vun in der pack yard yesderday, only Chris said he dought it was a schipmonk,—vot you call 'em?—dem leetle animals." * * * But the colporteur had resumed his weary way.

"I SHOULD just like to pay you off," as the United States said to the national debt.

THE MILKMAN'S SONG.

I AM a bold, bold milkman,
And very hard I try
To hoodwink all my patrons,
As every morn I cry:
"Pure milk! pure milk!
As soft as silk.
Now, don't you see the cream
Ascending rise
Before your eyes?
It surely is no dream."

My cows are in my stable,
Of swill each day they eat;
My customers don't tumble,
Because I ne'er repeat:
"Swill milk! swill milk!
Not fine as silk,
With chalk made whiter still;
And water pure,
You may be sure,
From swiftly-flowing rill."

They put it in their coffee,
It looks so white and sweet.
They praise the bold, bold milkman,
Who never doth repeat:
"I know a brook,
Down near a nook,
Where I my cans my fill,
And make you think
Pure milk you drink,
When I present my bill."

—M. TWOMEY.

Unhappy Simpson.

YOUNG SIMPSON reformed on the first of the year, and among other good resolutions he determined to teach a class in Sunday-school.

A young lady by the name of Mary was not altogether disconnected with this last departure, but at all events she had a class in the same school.

Simpson was not what is vulgarly known as "up" in "Biblical lore," but he made out pretty well until one Sunday when the author of all evil inspired one of his Simpson's, not the author's boys to ask for an authentic account of the difficulty between Joseph and Mrs. Potiphar.

Simpson was nonplused, he had never heard of the gentleman and lady, but he braced up and promised to explain the matter on the following Sunday.

Resolved to make himself master of the situation at once, he took advantage of a lull in the conversation at the supper-table that evening (it is not necessary to state that the aforesaid table was spread in the dining-room belonging to Mary's father), to inquire of the fair one whether or no she could enlighten him.

"Oh! I say, Mary, I got caught to-day. My boys wanted to know about Joseph and Potiphar's wife, and I——"

The gentleman who visits Mary now, and teaches the class formerly known as Simpson's class, wears a white neck-tie and glasses and is a divinity student, but the boys don't like him half as much.

R. G. I.

TWO OF A KIND.

LANDLORD (*to Tenant*).—Good-morning, sir; fine day, sir; just called round to see if it would be convenient for you to settle your quarter's rent, sir.

TENANT.—Did, eh? Do you know, landlord, that none of the doors in this house will shut?

LANDLORD.—New house, sir; new house, you know; takes time to settle, sir.

TENANT.—Ah! then there's a pair of us. I'm a new tenant; it takes time for me to settle, too. Good-morning. Call again.

A MAN—we do not give his name out of respect for his family—a man is at this moment suffered to be at large, who perpetrated the following: "Why does a hen only lay eggs in the daytime? Because at night she's a rooster." The man—we repeat—is still at large.

IF, as Mrs. Malaprop affirms, "comparisons *are* odorous," never undertake to compare Harlem Flats with Greenpoint. In midwinter, even, the result might prove disastrous.

SHE WANDERED DOWN THE MOUNTAIN SIDE.

HE ALWAYS CAME DOWN-STAIRS THAT WAY.

THE other evening at a Broadway hotel, a gentleman of very full habit was observed to approach the top of the staircase and step out confidently into space. Natural results followed. With a crash that startled everybody within hearing, the careless man came ricocheting down the winding way—his heels seemingly on a race with his head—at the speed of a lightning express train, and when arriving, flat on his back, at the marble terminus below, he had apparently become so wearied with the monotony of the trip that he evinced no inclination to rise. A dozen by-standers rushed to his assistance, naturally enough thinking he might want a cab or something. The voyager gradually pulled himself together into a sitting posture, and waving his hand with as much dignity as circumstances would admit of, exclaimed: "G'way—lemme be; I allus come down-stairs that way!" Five minutes later the wayfarer might have been seen taking a drop of a somewhat less perilous character in the adjoining bar-room.

PERHAPS if William Barlow, who was sentenced to State prison for twelve years and six months for robbing Miss Isherwood, had had as many influential friends as Jarvis, Keegan and Cunningham, late of the Commission of Jurors' Department, he might to-day be picking his teeth in the rotunda of the Astor House.

WHIFFS WITH CORRESPONDENTS.

DAVID DUDLEY FIELD.—No.

H. W. (Louisville.)—Accepted.

RANDOLPH B. MARTINE.—We think so.

GOVERNOR CLEVELAND (Albany.)—Yes.

TOM HOGAN.—Your "Forget Me Not" will do.

T. MCALPINE (Philadelphia.)—Let us hear from you.

P. B. S. (West Toronto.)—Proceed with the good work.

C. A. A. (Washington.)—Colonel Bliss did not write the article.

W. H. V.—Jay Gould is not a regular contributor to this paper.

F. E.—Send your poetry to Tom Costigan, editor of the *City Record*.

COUNSELOR OLIVER.—Your sketch has been sent to Harrigan and Hart.

BOLLY LEWIS (Cincinnati.)—Your article, "Fun in a Hotel," has been placed on file.

MIKE MCD. (Chicago.)—We did not say that you are Mayor of Chicago. You may be, you know.

J. L. S. (Boston).—No, W. E. H. is not sporting editor of THE JUDGE. If he was, we would—but never mind.

GOV. PATTISON.—Yes, THE JUDGE has a very large circulation in that part of Pennsylvania to which you refer.

T. A. H.—Your poetry dedicated to Alderman Seaman will be printed at the usual advertising rates for such poetry—$5 a line.

JOHN B. HASKIN.—Thanks for the elegant basket of flowers which you have sent us. Your article, "When I Was a Sailor Boy," will soon be published.

Castoria.

How babies' stomachs once did sour,
How doctors physicked by the hour,
How mothers cried, how they mauled,
How babies kicked, how they squalled,
Till sweet **Castoria** cured them all;
No babies now who bawl—**O Castoria!**

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FOR THE CURE OF
COUGHS, COLDS, DIFFICULT BREATHING,
AND
All Affections of the Throat, Bronchial Tubes, and Lungs, leading to Consumption.

This infallible remedy is composed of the HONEY of the plant Horehound, in chemical union with TAR BALM, extracted from the LIFE PRINCIPLE of the forest tree ABIES BALSAMEA, or Balm of Gilead.

Those who have used it say that **Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar** is wonderfully remedial in all cases where the organs of respiration are affected, and that its action is unusually rapid. It contains nothing that can disorder the stomach, and has an extremely agreeable flavor.

Children derive great benefit from its soothing properties when suffering with Croup and Whooping Cough.

Prices, 50c. and $1 per bottle; largest, cheapest.

HOARSENESS, COUGHS, COLDS, &c.

NEW YORK, Dec. 18, 1880.

I suffered greatly from hoarseness caused by preaching every night. I was advised to try HALE'S HONEY OF HOREHOUND AND TAR, and can most cheerfully recommend the same as being a most excellent remedy for Coughs, Colds, &c.
Yours respectfully, &c., DAVID W. COUCH,
Pastor Eggleston Square Church, Boston, Mass.

In Bronchial Affections it is also specially useful.

HILL'S HAIR AND WHISKER DYE. 50c.

Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in One Minute.

GLENN'S SULPHUR SOAP.

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Sold by druggists, 25c.; 3 cakes, 60c.

C. N. CRITTENTON, Proprietor, New York.

PILES PERMANENTLY ERADICATED IN 1 TO 3 weeks, without knife, ligature, or caustic. Send for circular containing references. DR. HOYT, 36 West 27th st., N. Y.

THE New York police authorities, a few days ago, on information given by a highly-respected clergyman, captured a gambling-house in full blast. It is a little remarkable that clergymen, who are not paid for the work, ferret out such disreputable places, while policemen, whose duty it is to suppress such houses, can never find them without outside assistance. A few clergymen should be put on the police force.—*Norristown Herald.*

PRESIDENT ARTHUR has exploded. The Wyndham comedy company were his guests at the White House the other day, and the ladies fell in love with him. Of Miss Rose Saker the President said: "I feel as if I never could forsake her."—*Chicago Chaff.*

THE remark of the pious Æneas, the classic exclamation, "Horresco referens"—"I shudder to relate," is supposed to be the prototype of the modern expressions, "I should blush to murmur," "I should titter to ejaculate," etc.—*Easton Argus.*

AN exchange tells us that $700,000,000 in coin is in circulation in this country. It is hard to make a fellow believe it as he stands before the bar hunting around in his pockets for a nickel to pay for a short.—*Wilson's Siftings.*

THIS is the week for Mr. Tilden to be in poor health. Next week he will be quite robust for his age.—*Lowell Citizen.*

PROF. PROCTOR speaks of 34,000,000 years ago as calmly as any other man would remark of last Fourth of July. It is what has happened in the last fifty years that has worried most of us.—*Elevated Railway Journal.*

WE learn from a New York correspondent that "The Growlers," a merry and fashionable society of that city, visited Washington last week for the purpose of establishing a similar club there, which will be made up of Congressmen and other public men. The name is not appropriate. The real growlers are now away from Washington, growling at the Congressmen.—*Cheek.*

A HARRISBURG correspondent says that Governor Pattison is so economical that he "blacks his own boots, dusts his desk himself, and puts his own hat and coat away." We also learn from another source that he buttons his own suspenders, picks his teeth himself, pulls on his own stockings, and does his own swearing when his wife sharpens a lead pencil with his best razor. It is a wonder he doesn't shove the latter duty on to his private secretary.—*Norristown Herald.*

The druggist who hesitates now is lost for the winter. He should sling together some sweet oil and liquorice and bring out his cough cure at once. Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup does not pay him enough profit.

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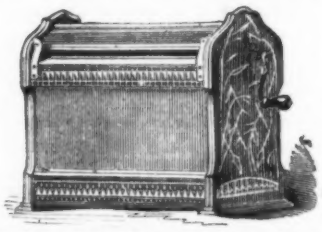

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GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.
BAKER'S
Breakfast Cocoa.

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It is highly probable that at the next contest between whisky and water, at the polls, in Ohio, whisky will have a greater majority than it polled a couple of years ago. Within the past week many people in that State have only learned how destructive water really is.—*Norristown Herald.*

John Hodges, an Austin business man, is being constantly fleeced, not only by strangers, but even by his own son, without his ever knowing it. Not long since, he was speaking to a friend, who cynically remarked: "Your son seems to be a fashionable young man." "Yes," was the reply of Hodges, "he is an awful smart boy. He keeps a horse and buggy, goes to balls and parties, dresses in the height of the fashion, and the most wonderful thing about it is, he does it on forty dollars a month. He is smarter than I am, but my daddy wasn't as smart as his daddy."—*Texas Siftings.*

"Get out of here," demanded the door-keeper of the Arkansaw Senate of an old colored man. "Nobody here wants any chairs bottomed." "You don't, eh? Wall, I'se sorry dat I'se struck de standin' committee. Say, when de boss comes out, jes say dat de ole Hessian fly, what am myself, is in de neighborhood.—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

Langtry is a sort of Water Lily this week.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

Isn't it awful aggravating after waltzing home from a party of a stormy evening, with the idol of your heart, and wonder what makes her so much more hilarious than usual, to discover that the new silk umbrella you informed her was a recent purchase was the property of your rival, and had his name painted in large letters around the top inside, having surreptitiously borrowed the same because it was the best-looking one in the stand.—*The Winchendon Courier.*

A member of the California Legislature was asleep when the vote began to be taken on an important bill, and half aroused by the call of his name, he gave an inarticulate grunt, which the clerk understood and recorded as "Yea." He slumbered on, and when he finally awoke, the news had gone over the wires to his constituents that he had turned traitor to the cause which he had been elected to champion.—*San Francisco Call.*

"Is it true," inquired a Chicago house-maid, as she held out a pitcher to a milkman, "that you milk ten cows every morning before breakfast?" "Yes, it is true," replied the man taking the ticket from between his teeth and putting it in his overalls, adding, as he walked back to his wagon, "and fifteen pumps."—*Cheek.*

A South Carolina editor hung himself the other day, and a heartless exchange exclaims: "Now is the time to subscribe."—*Yonkers Gazette.*

A smart traveling man from Chicago tried to paralyze a dining-room girl at Fort Dodge, Iowa, during the snow blockade. At dinner one day he ordered "sponge soup," and "quail on fence." The girl went to the kitchen and got a quail and built a fence on the plate, out of kindling wood. Then she got a piece of sponge from the bath-room and put it in the soup, and served his order in the presence of several other traveling men, who gave him the grand laugh. The landlord charged him a dollar extra for serving articles not on the bill of fare, and it cost him six dollars for cigars and drinks, to keep the matter quiet.—*Peck's Sun.*

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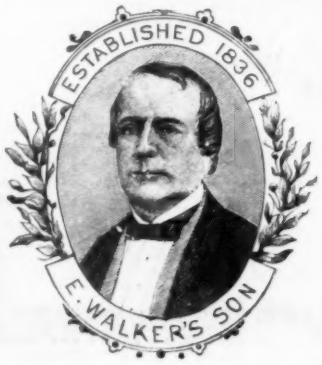

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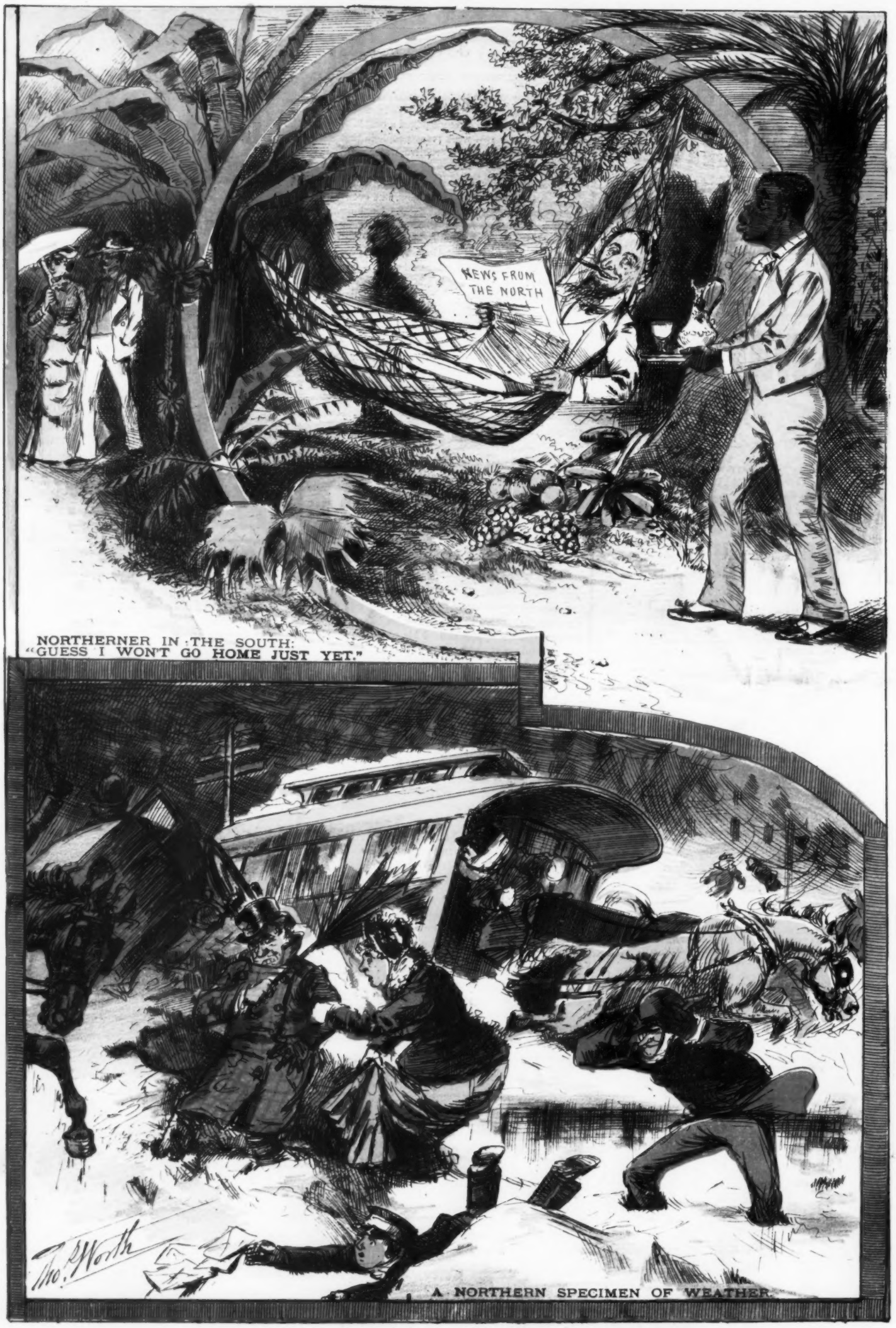

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